

**DC**  
**HORROR**  
PRESENTS

**DC HORROR PRESENTS: SOUL PLUMBER**  
PARKS - ZEBROWSKI - KISSEL - MCCREA - HOLDEN - SPICER





IN ANOTHER DIMENSION.  
ON A PLANET NOT TOO  
DIFFERENT FROM  
OUR OWN...

"OUR TIME ON THIS WORLD IS  
ALMOST AT AN END. IT IS NOTHING BUT A  
RING SUCKED CLEAN OF ITS PRECIOUS LIFE.  
THIS IS WHERE A LESSER RACE SHOULD BE,  
BENEATH THE HEEL OF THE STRONG.

"THEY *DIE* SO THAT  
WE MAY *LIVE*..."

# WITH FRIENDS LIKE THESE

## PART FOUR

CONCEPT BY MARCUS PARKS, HENRY ZEBROWSKI & BEN KISSEL WRITTEN BY MARCUS PARKS & HENRY ZEBROWSKI  
ART BY PJ HOLDEN & JOHN MCCREA COLORS BY MIKE SPICER LETTERS BY BECCA CAREY COVER BY MCCREA & SPICER  
VARIANT COVER BY YANICK PAQUETTE & NATHAN FAIRBAIRN ASSOCIATE EDITOR BEN MEARES SENIOR EDITOR KATIE KUBERT  
SOUL PLUMBER CREATED BY MARCUS PARKS, HENRY ZEBROWSKI, BEN KISSEL & JOHN MCCREA







EARTH. ITALY. 1715 A.D.

PEOPLE ARE WEAK. CHRIST HIMSELF SAID THIS. "BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

HOWEVER, THE MEEK MUST STILL BE GUIDED BY THOSE STRONG WITH FAITH.

PLEASE, FATHER, TAKE IN THIS CHILD. HE HAS THE DEVIL'S MARK. HE HAS BEEN ABANDONED BY HIS MOTHER. WE DID NOT KNOW WHERE ELSE TO TURN.

YES...THIS CHILD HAS BEEN TOUCHED BY THE SERPENT. ANOTHER EXAMPLE OF A MOTHER'S WEAKNESS. BUT DO NOT DESPAIR, FOR THE LORD'S HOUSE HAS MANY ROOMS.

THERE IS INDEED A PLACE FOR THIS LOWLY CHILD OF GOD.

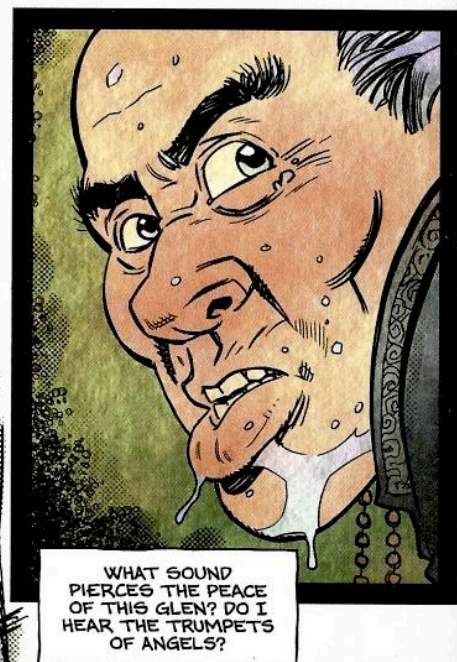
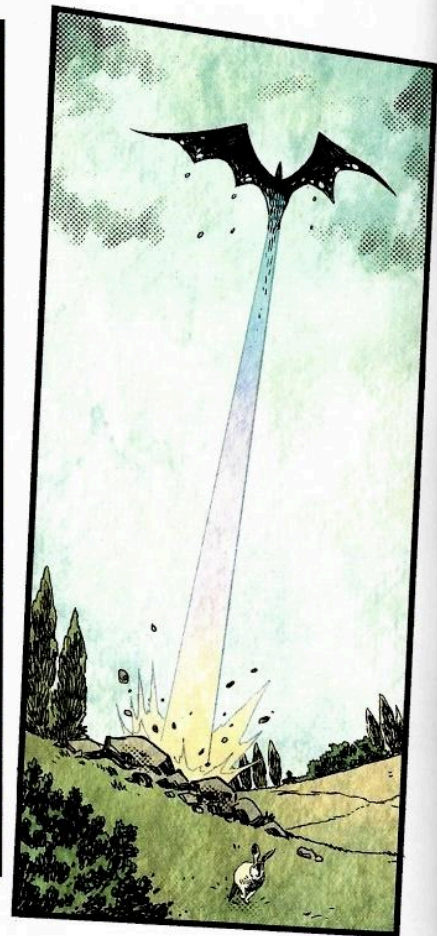
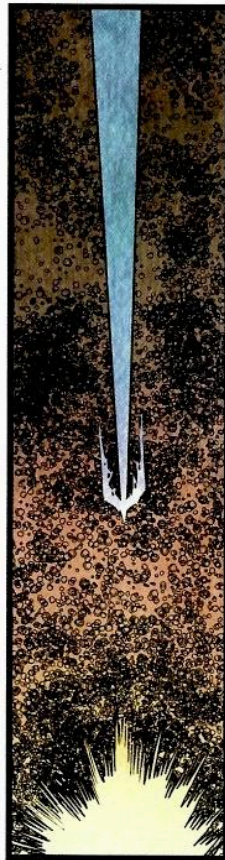
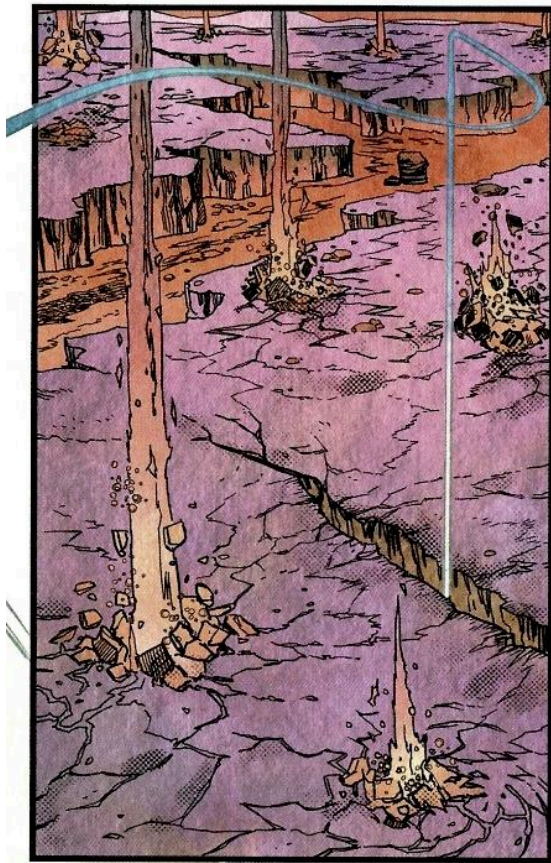
THANK YOU FATHER VASILY! THANK YOU!

THE THINGS A SHEPHERD MUST DO TO LEAD HIS FLOCK ARE HARD FOR SOME.

THE WEAKEST LAMB MUST BE CULLED.

LEST THE REST OF A SHEPHERD'S CHARGES BECOME VULNERABLE TO A HOST OF BEASTS--





WHAT SOUND  
PIERCES THE PEACE  
OF THIS GLEN? DO I  
HEAR THE TRUMPETS  
OF ANGELS?



MY GOD!  
WHAT IS THE  
MEANING OF THIS?  
ARE YOU BEAST  
OR DIVINE?



SLOOP!

GAHH!



THIS VISION! THE LAND OF  
MILK AND HONEY...COULD IT  
TRULY BE OURS?



HEAVENLY  
MESSENGER! DEAR  
LORD, THIS IS THE KEY!  
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN  
WILL BE HERE ON THIS  
FIRMAMENT!

OH,  
BUT THIS LAND  
OF SIN IS DEADLY  
TO YOUR ANGELIC  
CONSTITUTION!









MEANWHILE. BACK IN THE  
GOOD OL' U.S. OF A...

WE MADE  
IT, MY SWEET  
FUCKERS! THE  
PEARLY GATES  
OF PARADISE  
CITY!

PAIRADISE CITY  
WE DON'T ASK NO QUESTIONS!

ELK, ARE YOU  
SURE WE WILL  
FIND SANCTUARY  
IN THIS PLACE? I  
REALIZE OUR OPTIONS  
ARE LIMITED BUT WITH  
BLOPP COMING  
ALONG...

NO WORRIES,  
BUD. FROM  
WHAT I'VE SEEN,  
THE FUCKMOTHER  
NEVER TURNS AWAY A  
HUNGRY MOUTH. SHE  
FILLS IT WITH THE  
PECKER OF THE  
PENTACOST!

SKEET,  
SKEET,  
SKEET ON  
ME, I'M  
GETTING  
GOOSE-  
BUMPS!

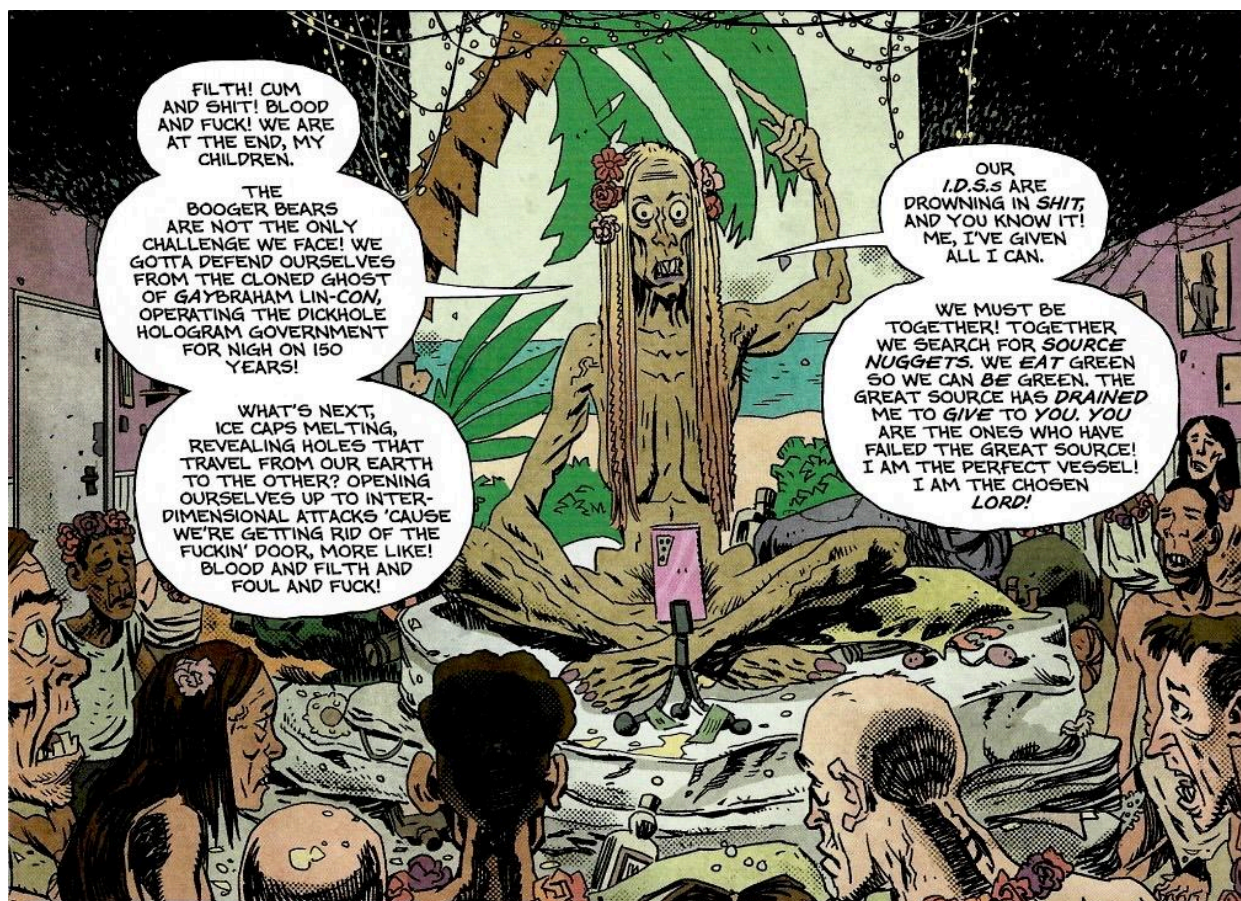
I CAN'T BELIEVE  
I'M IN FRONT OF  
THE CONGREGANT  
HOUSE! I HAVEN'T  
BEEN THIS EXCITED  
SINCE THE FOGHAT  
V.I.P. MEET-AND-  
GREET!

STAY HERE, BLOPP. WE NEED  
TO FAMILIARIZE OURSELVES  
WITH THIS GROUP BEFORE WE  
CAN JUDGE HOW ACCEPTING  
THEY TRULY ARE.

I  
WANT TO  
DRIVE THE  
CAR!







FILTH! CUM  
AND SHIT! BLOOD  
AND FUCK! WE ARE  
AT THE END, MY  
CHILDREN.

THE  
BOOGER BEARS  
ARE NOT THE ONLY  
CHALLENGE WE FACE! WE  
GOTTA DEFEND OURSELVES  
FROM THE CLONED GHOST  
OF GAYBRAHAM LIN-COM,  
OPERATING THE DICKHOLE  
HOLOGRAM GOVERNMENT  
FOR NIGH ON 150  
YEARS!

WHAT'S NEXT,  
ICE CAPS MELTING,  
REVEALING HOLES THAT  
TRAVEL FROM OUR EARTH  
TO THE OTHER? OPENING  
OURSELVES UP TO INTER-  
DIMENSIONAL ATTACKS 'CAUSE  
WE'RE GETTING RID OF THE  
FUCKIN' DOOR, MORE LIKE!  
BLOOD AND FILTH AND  
FOUL AND FUCK!

OUR  
I.D.S.s ARE  
DROWNING IN SHIT,  
AND YOU KNOW IT!  
ME, I'VE GIVEN  
ALL I CAN.

WE MUST BE  
TOGETHER! TOGETHER  
WE SEARCH FOR SOURCE  
NUGGETS. WE EAT GREEN  
SO WE CAN BE GREEN. THE  
GREAT SOURCE HAS DRAINED  
ME TO GIVE TO YOU. YOU  
ARE THE ONES WHO HAVE  
FAILED THE GREAT SOURCE!  
I AM THE PERFECT VESSEL!  
I AM THE CHOSEN  
LORD!



WE  
NEED A  
NEW--

HELLO?  
IS THIS...THE  
HOME OF THE  
FUCKMOTHER?



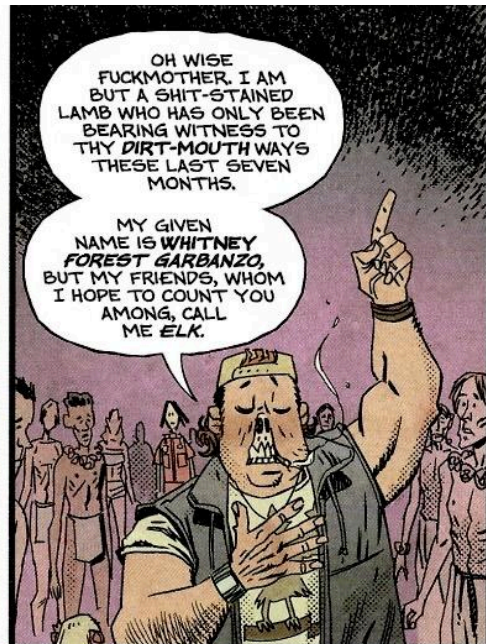
LOOK, FUCKMOTHER!  
NEW MEMBERS TO  
BRING INTO THE  
FOLD!

WELL,  
LOOK AT THIS  
FORTUITOUS  
BULLSHIT!

HAS YOUR  
PROPHECY AT LAST  
COME, HERE AT THE  
END? ARE THEY THE  
COMMUNICATORS?

WELL,  
WHO THE FUCK  
ELSE WOULD  
THEY BE?









BLEEDIN' FUCK, MAM! 'OO GETS THE YOO-RINE, AY?

'OO GETS SPRAYED? 'OO GETS THE GUSH?

WHOA, WHOA, WHOA, NOBODY SAID NOTHING ABOUT REFUSING THE TITTY-SPHERE AND NOBODY IS GONNA GET SPRAYED WITH A PISS BOTTLE. I'D HAPPILY DO BOTH, I'VE DONE WORSE VOLUNTARILY.

BUT LET'S JUST CALM THINGS DOWN HERE FOR A SECOND.

I LIKE YOUR STYLE, WHITNEY. GOOD COMMUNICATION SKILLS. PERHAPS YOU AND THIS SHIVERING TURD HERE ARE WHO WE HOPE YOU ARE.

YOU JUST MAY BE OUR CHOSEN BROTHERS FROM BEYOND THE SEAS OF TIME!

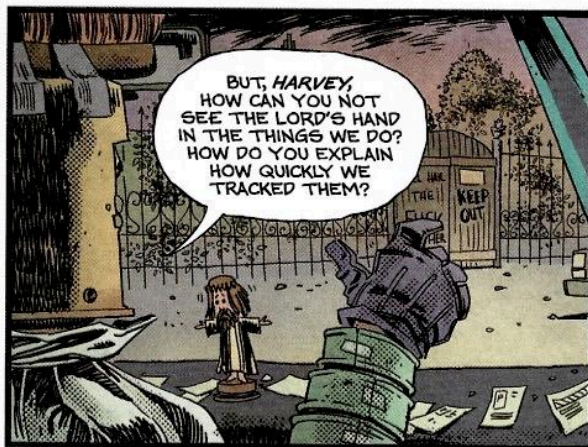
SHIVERING TURD? IS THAT THEIR TERM FOR GUEST?

SHIT, NOT THAT I KNOW OF. WHEN I WAS WATCHING HER STREAMS, NEW PEOPLE WERE WELCOMED FREELY. PISSMASTER IS A NEW CHARACTER AS WELL.

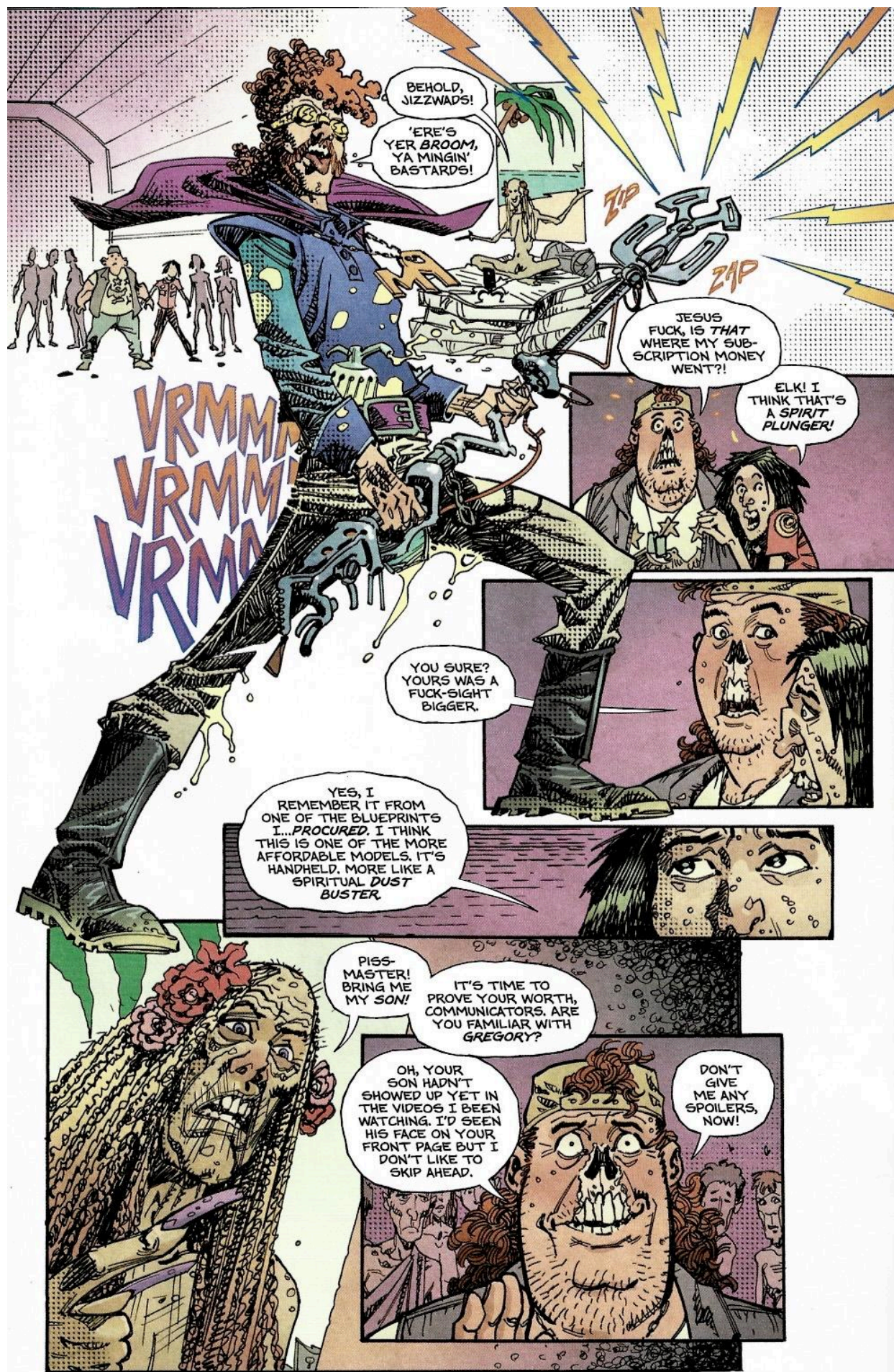
WELL, WHITNEY, IF YOUR BULLSHIT IS THE REAL BULLSHIT, THEN MAYBE YOUR BALLS ARE HEAVY ENOUGH TO HANDLE THE FUCK BROOM.

FUCK BROOM?



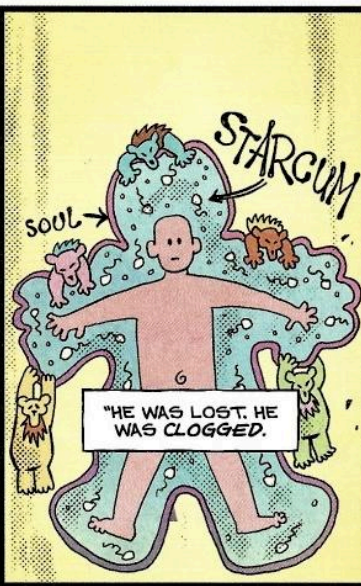








OH YOU ARE *BEHIND*, BIG MAN, *BEHIND*. MY SON GREGORY APPEARED AT OUR DOORSTEP MONTHS AGO, BEREFT OF A HOME OR PURPOSE. HIS FATHER, RATFUCK THAT HE WAS, HAD DIED, AND GREGORY WAS KICKED TO THE STREET. HE WAS AS JIZZ IN A SOCK, READY TO BE WASHED AND FORGOTTEN.



THE BOOGER BEARS WEIGH DOWN OUR SOULS, WHITNEY. OUR *INDEPENDENT DWELLING SPIRIT* GETS STUMPED WITH THESE FUCKS AND THE STARCUM GETS CLOGGED IN THE ARTERIES OF OUR GUARDIAN ANGELS!

NATURALLY.



BUT HAVE YOU EVER HAD SOME LIMP-DICKED "MEDICAL DOCTOR" ASK ABOUT YOUR STARCUM? HOW TO MAKE IT FLOW LIKE SHIT FROM A TRUCKER'S BUTT? FUCK NO YOU HAVEN'T, BECAUSE THOSE BULLSHIT ARTISTS DON'T KNOW THE TRUTH!



YEAH, DOCTORS DON'T KNOW SHIT. I HAD TO DAMN NEAR BEAT A DOCTOR TO DEATH TO KEEP HIM FROM PUTTING MY NOSE BACK ON.



SO WHAT'S THE ANSWER, WHITNEY? WHAT DO WE DO WHEN THE SO-CALLED DOCTORS NOT ONLY *DON'T* KNOW, BUT *CAN'T* KNOW HOW TO FIX OUR PROBLEMS? WHAT DO YOU DO THEN?



I FIGURED IF NO DOCTOR CAN FIX OUR STARCUM, WE GOTTA FIGURE OUT HOW TO GET IT TO FLOW *OURSELVES*.

BUT THESE THINGS TAKE EXPERIMENTATION. MEDICAL EXPERIMENTATION.

BECAUSE AIN'T IT MEDICAL? AIN'T STARCUM MEDICAL?!



GODDAMN RIGHT. ESPECIALLY IF YOU JUST SAY IT IS.



YES! *YES!* I KNEW YOU'D UNDERSTAND. EXPERIMENTATION IS THE KEY, ISN'T IT? BUT THE ROAD TO THE GALACTIC SPOOGE BUCKET RUNS THROUGH PAIN. AND GREGORY IS THAT PAIN.

BEHOLD!







THE  
HIGHWAY  
TO OUR  
SALVATION  
IS BEFORE  
US!

SO,  
COMMUNICATORS...  
ARE YOU READY TO  
LEAD THE NEXT  
EXPERIMENT?

SPRING  
EEEE  
BLEURCH  
SPLORCH!













TIME TO EMPTY THE BED PAN.

FUCK!

SNAP!

KRAK

KASH!!

CHUNK!

GIMME THAT.

SNATCH

NO! NO! DON'T!

AND TO THINK I GAVE YOU FIVE BUCKS A MONTH.



